

I once knew a young, ambitious coworker, named Lee, who was working his way through college. Employed at three part time jobs to pay school, living expenses, tuition and books, he managed a parsimonious existence getting through school studying very complex subjects while holding a 4.0 grade point average as a computer science major. The young man constantly studied both on and off jobs to do that: work, study and school were the man's life towards his ambitions. All that finished late one night; when at age 20 while driving the freeway home from work his short life abruptly ended in a car crash into the rear of a stalled dump truck. The next day was semester finals, which for him permanently ended that night. His fate was one of many ironies for me in learning that nothing here lasts and that nothing is really worth taking seriously. ***Therefore, I never understood what people are thinking when screwing over everyone else for percentages of the take, action, or loot. Surely, you realize – it is never enough! One forfeits everything making the final trip out of here in a decorated box, covered with flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity ENCHAINED to all that baggage in a graveyard. So one must ask the question: If that is what life's about, what is the point of living! What matters?***